Daily Eagle

DOING GOOD.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.
—George Herbert.

DARBY AND JOAN.

A spring rain was falling gently, continuously, on Mrs. True's garden. The lately transplanted geraniums and petunias lifted their heads gratefully to the warm shower and the fuchsias and sweet lilyssum brightened under its influence.

If their mistress could have seen them she, too, would have rejoiced, for the flowers were her children, petted darlings, for whom no care could be too great, no attention too painstaking. She had housed them in winter, set them out in summer, trimmed, guarded, hung over them year after year.

Involuntarily one looked for her mild face at the window, smiling out upon them, but she was not to be seen. For the second time only in her life Mrs. True lay in her chamber too ill to heed the pattering rain or to think of the plants growing so fast in the sweet, moist air, even though, through the open window of her room, both sounds and scents entered freely, the peaceful sounds and healthful scents of the country

It was very still in the room where she lay; very still and orderly The old furniture was polished and speckless; the linen, white as snow against the pillows—which had been a part of her bridal outfit—rested the gray head, still neatly cared for, and the face, with its pallor, still wore a look of kindly patience.

At her side sat her husband, good Deacon True, with bowed head and sad eyes; and in his work hardened hand he held her feeble one.

Presently a footstep sounded on the muddy sidewalk outside. Then the gate latch clicked. Some one walked up the path and tapped softly on the house door, and was as softly admitted.

But the two with their faces turned toward each other took no notice.

"How is she?" said the neighbor down stairs who had "dropped in."

"Failin'," answered Fidelia Perkins, the maid of all work, temporarily engaged for the emergency.

"How's he?"

"Fairly beat out with grievin'. Seems 's if he hadn't no heart for eatin' or drinkin' or nothin'. Just settin' up there along o' her, and holdin' her hand. I I never did see folks set sech store by each other as they do."

"Well, they haven't nobody else to set store by, you see," said the visitor, establishing herself by the fire, and holding out two substantial feet to the blaze.

"No, that's so," assented Fidelia, taking out her knitting. "Now you just make yourself comfortable, Mis' Clapp. I'm real glad to see somebody. It's dreadful lonesome here. Jest those two still critters up stairs, and me and the cat down stairs, and nothin' on earth to do. Why, there ain't so much as a teaspoonful of dirt to clean up nowhere in the house. I never did see sech housekeepin'."

"She was a master hand for cleanin'," said Mrs. Clapp, shaking her head thoughtfully, "and as I say, there warn't no children to make dirt."

"No, there warn't, but them plants is about as bad, to my thinkin', cluttering up the place half the year, and havin' to trail around with a waterin' pot, and weedin' and stewin' over 'em the rest of the time. She took a sight of comfort in 'em though."

"She was a real good woman, Mis' True was," sighed Mrs Clapp, speaking already in the past tense.

"And he's a powerful good man."

"There ain't no better."

"Queer sech good folks hadn't a family."

"Well, they did have one child."

"Do tell? I never heard of it before. Boy or girl?"

"Boy. I believe; law, Mis' True was most tickled to death about it. She was as proud as an old hen with one chick, but it didn't last long. I was sent for to nurse her, and she was a dreadful sick woman, out of her head, jest ravin' about the baby; goin' on about she was meanin' to do for it. She had it all planned out for a lifetime how she was agoin' to rock him to sleep nights and how, by and by, he was agoin' to set to the table in a high chair alongside of her and, finally, how he was to take the farm and live with them always. My! she was ramblin' on so fast and a smiling away to herself, while the rest of us—me and the doctor and the deacon—was jest a-fighting for that baby's life. And at last, when she come to herself, there warn't nothin' but a dead body to show to her."

"Dear, dear! Did she take on much?" said Fidelia, dropping her knitting in her lap.

"Take on? Well, not like some folks. She didn't screech, nor cry; but she jest turned awful white, and her eyes got big and bad lookin'; it was enough to ha'nt you to see 'em, and she never said nothin' to me; jest moaned, and caught a hold of the deacon's coat sleeve as if she needed somethin' to comfort her. It did seem 's if her heart was broke sure. She never had no more children."

"I guess that's why they've been so set on each other," mused Fidelia.

"Well, as to that, there ain't no tellin'. Some few folks are so, any—considerate and feelin'—but mighty few. Most married folk get tired of livin' together, or, at any rate, they appear so, to home. But Deacon and Mis' True they've been like they was a-courtin' all these years. He's done all the chores for her that a mortal man could do; and she's been as sweet to him—well, as sweet as one of them doves a-cooin' away out there on the barn."

"Hark! What's that?" said Fidelia, holding up one hand, warningly.

It was only the sound of a weak voice above and a deeper voice trying to answer soothingly.

While the two women had talked the afternoon had waned. The rain seemed like fast falling tears. The flowers, some of them, were closing drowsily. The shadows were deepening. The light green foliage of a birch tree near the house looked gray in the twilight. Through the open chamber window above sounded the sleepy trill of a bird, safely snuggled in his nest under the young leaves.

Curiously enough this tender note alone had the power to rouse the dying woman. She had always been in close sympathy with all fair helpless things, flowers, young birds and infants. Now, in her extremity, this weak cry pierced to her heart and woke her.

"Where's the baby?" she whispered. "Why don't they bring the baby to me?"

She was living over again her only sickness. She fancied herself young once more, young, and filled with a strange great happiness.

The years between had vanished. They were happy years, too, happier than most people enjoy, for her desires had been easily gratified, her ambitions were of the simplest kind. To live within their small means; to lay aside a little each year; to keep the house immaculate and the flowers thriving; to know peaceful nights and quiet, uneventful days; to help a neighbor in trouble; to sit in the village church regularly on Sundays, and to be sure that the grass grew green and the white violets flourished over a certain small mound in the graveyard; these were the utmost limits of her hopes.

Her one great grief has grown to be a tender memory, and all the days since had been prosperous and serene, unclouded by one harsh look or word.

Now, suddenly, she was young again, a young wife in her new home, with all her humble household treasures new about her and this thrill of expectation in her breast.

"Where's the baby? Why don't they bring the baby to me?" she repeated, eagerly.

Her husband leaned forward, pressing her hand in both of his.

"The baby?" he said; "what baby?" For him the sad present had swallowed up the past.

"Our baby," she whispered, with a look of rapture in her faded eyes.

"Oh, Lois!"

He bent his head still lower. That shadowy child of theirs seemed hardly more than a dream to him. He had never held it, or played with it, or talked to it in imagination as she had.

"His name is Josiah, for you," continued the dying woman, trying to tighten her clasp of the hand holding hers, and looking earnestly up at him.

"He will be little Jo Perhaps his eyes are like yours; and he will be a good man like you, I hope. We will teach him to be good, won't we?"

"Yes, yes, Lois."

"But why don't they bring him to me? I want so much to hold him, only once, for a little while, I won't keep him long I want to feel fits little hand on my face and kiss his little cheek. Please tell them to bring him."

"Hush, hush, Lois, dear."

"Perhaps they don't know where his clothes are. I laid them all ready in the top drawer of the bureau in the spare room, his little blue socks, and his shirt, and the white slip—they said he must wear slips at first, not dresses. Everything's ready. A boy, you said. Oh, do let me hold him now."

The old man groaned aloud and tried to quiet her, but without success. Out doors a wind was rising, a soft wind, fragrant with the bitter-sweet breath of blossoming peach trees. It sighed at the open window, and swept a branch of the birch tree against the upper panes.

The deacon tried to rise to close the glass, but she moved uneasily as if to sit up in bed. He put his arms out to support her. She hardly seemed to see or feel them. Slowly her face grew radiant with surprise and delight.

"Ah, you have brought him to me at last," she cried, with hands outstretched "Quick, give him to me here, close to my heart. Oh, how dear, how beautiful he is! I had not thought he would be half so beautiful."

She held her arms as if they encircled a little form, and bent her face over them in tenderest mother fashion.

"My baby! my baby!" she whispered. Then, with a sigh of utter contempt, sank back upon her pillows.

The women down stairs listened for the sound of voices to begin again, expecting to be summoned, but no such summons came.

Night and darkness fell in the garden and closed about the house. Fidelia put a lamp outside the chamber door and shut the door quietly. She glanced toward the bed where Mrs. True seemed to be asleep, her husband, with his face buried in the pillow, near her. She left all the necessary articles for the night and moved away with a noiseless step.

The hours wore on slowly and silently. The stars shone out in the sky at last, while the flowers slept down in the shadows, and the little bird was gently rocked in his soft cradle. All was still in the house where children's feet had never pattered up and down, nor children's voices echoed.

When morning, calm and sunny, brightened the quiet room it showed the woman's face glorified with a smile of absolute peace. Who knows? Perhaps, indeed, her baby had been brought to her.

Beside her, white and wan in the sunshine, lay her faithful companion. Whether hearts do break or not I cannot tell. Heaven, at least, had mercifully let them die together quietly as they had lived.—Grace Winthrop in New York News.

Another Line of Work.

The first woman to occupy the position of cane weigher on a sugar plantation—a place of some trust and responsibility—was a young girl from the north. Fortune took her to the coast country, and, asking for work, the situation was offered and immediately accepted, and, giving perfect satisfaction to her employers, proved there is still another line of work opened to those of her sex looking for employment.—Chicago Herald.

The total number of immigrants arrived in this country in 1887 was 516,933, of whom 322,026 were males and 194,907 females. Of these there were 179,609 from Great Britain and Ireland, 104,155 males and 75,454 females. From the remainder of Europe there were 328,651, of whom 211,778 were males and 116,873 females.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dangerous Dentifrices.

Phosphate of calcium, one of the most important component parts of the teeth, is readily dissolved in salicylic acid, which enters into the composition of a large number of tooth washes and powders. Dentists who have experimented with it say that if a sound tooth is allowed to remain fifteen minutes in a comparatively weak solution of this acid it loses its gloss and the enamel is totally destroyed. Hence this acid should be avoided in the manufacture of preparations for the teeth.—Globe-Democrat.

The Five Big Dailies.

Mr. George P. Rowell, of New York, who is authority on such matters, in an address before the American Newspaper Publishers' association at Indianapolis, proved that five newspapers issue more than one-seventh of the total edition of all the daily papers printed. The daily newspapers in the United States now number about 1,400; consequently, the five which were referred to must each sell an average edition 300 times greater than the average of the others.—Frank Leslie's.

SWEATING IT OUT.

GETTING RID OF ALCOHOL IN A TURKISH BATHROOM.

A Young Inebriate's Initiation Into the Mysteries of the "Hot Room"—In the Land of Dreams—A Sudden Waking. Rejuvenated.

A little office under a sidewalk; a passing view of a room filled with narrow canvas cots; a few yellow gas flames; behind a desk a young man whose nakedness is emphasized by an equator of crash towel; in front of the desk an inebriate with pale, blinking eyes and unsteady hands. The inebriate removes from one pocket a roll of greenbacks, from another a revolver, from a third a match, from a fourth a handful of ruined cigars. He lays these with his scarf pin on the counter. He takes a key to the drawer in which they are placed by the naked youth, and he walks loosely out through the room where the cots stand. He staggers a little and almost goes down in avoiding an obese foot that sticks from the end of one of the cots. He curses the foot with pathetic profanity. The owner of the foot rubs his sleepy eyes and sends back a volley of oaths that blister the stone floor. The inebriate stumbles on around to a room to which an attendant—a duplicate of the youth in the office—has assigned him. He removes his clothing after a desperate struggle with his suspenders and a collar and elbow wrestle with his shirt. And now he stands nude, and alcoholically bashful until another equator of towel is tied around his blushing form. He is led out to the hot room.

The future has no terrors for any man who has encountered the torridity of a hot room in a Turkish bath house for men. You could fry eggs on the floor. It is hotter than dog days in the lower regions. It would make a salamander quit in five minutes. The air is so full of suspended fire that a red headed man looks like a striking brunette. The inebriate lies on a couch. He closes his eyes. The air is heavy. He slumbers. He dreams he is a porterhouse steak. He is being broiled. The cook is careless. He wakes with a start. The sheet has been pulled from under him and the fiercely hot rattan top of the couch is next to his skin. He looks about him with savage eyes. The man in the next couch is quietly smoking. Two others, divested even of their towels, are sparring in a corner. None of them notices him. He lies down again and dreams once more. Suddenly something pricks him like a needle.

HOTTER THAN EVER.

A sharp pain runs through his back. He whoops and jumps up. His neighbor is still smoking. The sparrers are sparring. There is nothing to indicate the cause of his sudden waking except a thin spray of water lazily falling from the cold water faucet. The inebriate knows that some one has sprayed him, and he is hotter than ever. He offers to fight any person in the room. The boxers say they would be glad to accommodate him, but the doctor has warned them to beware of violent exercise. The man on the next couch assures him that he promised the friend who gave him the cigar that he would smoke it before he killed any one.

The inebriate is disgusted. He meanders into an adjoining room. There are others there before him. They are turning on the steam. It rises first in a vapor, then a mist, then a fog, now a cloud. The air is filled with white light. The inebriate is stifled; he cannot breathe; he can scarcely think; he moves his hands feebly and crawls out into the hot room. Then he sweats. He sweats for keeps. He leaks first, then he showers, then he pours. He is standing in a pool of water that was once himself. He feels his legs going; his brain reels; he staggers out, and in another moment is lying on a marble slab with soap in his eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose. A muscular young man is pounding him as though he were a rubber bag. Soapy and sore he arises from the slab. He seeks the shower. He turns it on himself. Now for the rippling, gurgling waters of the plunge. He hurls himself in. He is an inebriate no longer. He is a nymph with whiskers and a rasping voice. There are other nymphs there before him. They also have whiskers and queer voices. They play like boys. They splash each other. They kick. They disport. They swim under each other and tip each other up.

At 8 o'clock the ex-inebriate meets his employer at the office.

"You are looking well this morning."

"Yes, sir. I left our church sociable about 10 o'clock, had a good sleep, and got up early. It is very pleasant walking down town early in the morning. You ought to try it, sir."

The employer says he will.—Chicago Times.

HUNTING FOR "FIGHTING JOE."

Confederate Soldiers Roaming at Will in the Village of Gettysburg.

When the streets of Gettysburg had been cleared of all armed bodies of Union soldiers, the Confederates began to roam about at will, sightseeing and foraging. At a house, closely barred, a party of these independents halted and began to reconnoiter. Unseen from the street the owner was watching from an upper window, and soon he heard his name used in a way very unceremonious. The door plate revealed the name, and one of the Confederates, who was a German, amused his companions by spelling it out, "T-y-s-o-n, Tyson." Then he added, "Wonder who he is?" and, going to the door, he began to pound with fist and heels to alarm the house. The manner of the men seemed so good natured that Mr. Tyson opened the door and invited them in to try his excellent water, for they all looked warm and exhausted. After drinking heartily the German spoke up again and said:

"Where is 'Joe' Hooker? We're after him and we mean to have him if we have to go to Philadelphia for him."

At this hour the streets were filled with carts and wheelbarrows, and excited men and women bearing trunks and bundles and leading frightened children; mothers with babes in their arms in the throng, all hastening out of reach of the soldiery, the bullets and the shells. Officers in gray rode up and down warning the people to remove women and children to places of safety, as Lee was about to shell the town. It was a trying moment, but Tyson would not be scared or cajoled into revealing anything. He didn't know "Joe" Hooker any more than he knew Lee's humblest private, but he had his garret full of Union soldiers who had been cut off in the street, and he decided to be a knownothing, and send the scouting Confederates away as ignorant as they came. After listening to a few of his blind answers the spokesman agreed to be satisfied with some bread and butter and clear out and seek for "Fighting Joe" elsewhere. There was a fresh baking of bread in the house, but Tyson did not know what panicky times might follow, and he knew that his blue coated wards up stairs were hungry, so he put on a long face and declared that he had just had a visit from a party of Confederates who had eaten up about all the pantry contained, and there really was not "enough left now to begin on." The true bummer never expects to live high on a route that has just been traveled by others of his kind, and these unfortunate fellows took the burgher's word for gospel truth and went away in peace.

A Hospital for Birds.

A hospital for the treatment of sick or disabled birds has been opened in Chicago, and there are already a number of feathered patients undergoing treatment in it. All the birds receive, besides their medicine, a daily Turkish bath, and are rubbed down with a solution of quinine and morphine.—New York Evening World.

COSTUMES IN ALGIERS.

Dress of the Poorer Classes—Ample Drapery of the Wealthy.

It is a strange fact that many of the natives of hot countries wear almost the same clothing winter and summer, and do not seem to suffer from cold when the thermometer stands at a few degrees, in the severest weather, above freezing point. Arab women are always curious to see how European ladies are dressed, and examine attentively their clothes and jewelry. If the Europeans show the same interest, and inquire into the dressing of the natives, they often find to their surprise, on cold days, on lifting the haik of a Moorish woman, nothing but a gauze chemise and a thin cotton bodice covering the breasts and a very small part of the back, and from the waist to the feet cotton pantaloons, ample, it is true, but not warm.

The haiks are often made of hand woven wool, very thick and warm, others of silk, while the poorer classes wear a few yards of thin white cotton stuff. The large haiks are about eighteen feet long by five feet wide. With one of these, with their veil to the eyes and falling about fourteen inches, and with pantaloons made up of seventeen yards of white cotton tied at the waist and ankles, the reader will have but little difficulty in understanding how they can conceal their figures and keep themselves warm. But such ample drapery is comparative luxury, and enjoyed by the wealthy only.

The street costume of the women is always white, varying considerably in tone according to the material; small stripes of blue or pink silk are occasionally seen in the haik. The ample pantaloons are put on over others of colored prints or silk brocades, which are worn at home, and are much narrower. Large anklets filled with shot (khankhal) jingle as they move about. Their slippers are of pale yellow, white, brown or black patent leather, and the height of fashion is to wear everything of the same color; for instance, yellow headkerchief bordered with gold and silk fringe, yellow ribbons to ornament the thin chemise, yellow silk bodice, pantaloons of the same color and yellow leather slippers. The rest of the costume is white. But these gala dresses were not those which we found most picturesque. The more ordinary kind worn every day, hanging in loose folds, and showing the lithe and lazy forms beneath, were more suited to an artist's brush.—F. A. Bridgman in Harper's Magazine.

An Extravagant Suggestion.

Deacon (to oyster dealer)—We are getting up a church festival for Wednesday night. What kind of oysters have you got?

Oyster Dealer—Blue points and saddle rocks, sir.

Deacon—Well, I hardly know which to buy.

Oyster Dealer—Why not take one of each, sir?—New York Sun.

On the Avenue.

Jack (to young Callow)—That old gentleman we just passed seemed to know you, Charley.

Young Callow—Ya'as, he's my father.

Jack—Why didn't you recognize him?

Young Callow—To tell the truth, old boy, I never do in the street. He comes of a rawther poor family, y'know.—The Epoch.

An Air of Antiquity.

Crimsonbeak—That violin of mine is over 100 years old.

Yeast—I thought as much.

"Why did you think so? I'm sure it doesn't show its age."

"Well, it has an air of antiquity. I heard you playing 'Grandmother's Clock' on it this morning."—Yonkers Statesman.

Works Both Ways.

A man, who was a wealthy New York banker fifteen years ago, now drives a street car in that city. This should teach us not to become wealthy New York bankers; and if there is a wealthy New York banker to-day, who was a street car driver fifteen years ago, the lesson is equally plain.—Norristown Herald.